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Thursday Morning, Jan. 11, 1855

WHAT IS A YEAR!

What is a year? 'Tis but a wave
On life's dark rolling stream,
Which is so quickly gone that we
Account it but a dream.
'Tis but a single earnest throb
Of Time's old iron heart,
Which tireless now, and strong as when
It first with life did start,

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn
Of Time's old brazen wheel;
Or but a page upon the book
Which Time must shortly seal.
'Tis but a step upon the road
Which we must travel o'er,
A few more steps and we shall walk
Life's weary road no more.

What is a year? 'Tis but a breath
From Time's old nostrils blown,
As rushing onward o'er the earth,
We hear his weary moan.
'Tis like the bubble on the wave,
Or dew upon the lawn—
As transient as the mist of morn
Beneath the summer's sun.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type
Of Life's oft changing scene,
Youth's happy morn comes gaily on
With hills and valleys green;
Next Summer's prime succeeds the Spring,
Then Autumn with a tear,
Then comes old Winter—death, and all
Must find a level here

THE ONE ACRE FARM.

A CURE FOR HARD TIMES.

"How much land have you got here in your lot, Mr. Briggs?'

'I have one acre.'

'One acre! and here you are taking three agricultural papers; and all because you have one acre of ground! How many such papers would you have to take if you had a hundred acres?'

'I shouldn't probably need any more than I take now; you know Mr. Chapman, one can "go through all the motions" on one acre as well as on a hundred.

'A man can throw away money without any, if he has a mind to. For all the good you get from those periodicals, you might as well, probably, throw the money they cost into the fire, they are nothing but humbugs.'

"I pay in all only eight dollars.'

'Eight dollars! enough to buy a 'tip top' barrel of flour, and a leg of bacon; and then if you read these periodicals, there is twice the amount of the money spent in time, reading them.'

'I do usually read or hear read almost every word there is in them, my boys and I take turns in reading, and one reads aloud while the rest work.'

'Complete nonsense! no wonder your shop don't turn out any more boots in a day than it does?'

'Perhaps we don't do as great day's works, some days, as some of our neighbors; but I guess that in the course of a year, we turn out as many according to the hands at work as most do.'

'I suppose it is out of these publications you get your foolish notions about so many kinds of fruit trees. One of my boys came home a while ago and said Mr Briggs had got lots of fruit trees and such things that cost, I don't know how much, and wanted me to buy some grape vines, pear trees, and so on. I told him it was all foolishness, and not to let me hear about spending money so foolishly.

You have I dare say laid out ten or fifteen dollars this spring.'

'Yes, nearly as much again; I have laid out twenty-five dollars for trees and garden fruits.'

'Twenty-five dollars! I wonder you are not on the town, or in jail at least, before now.'

'I am not afraid of either. I'll bet you the twenty-five dollars, I'll sell you that amount of fruit from those things for which I paid the twenty-five dollars, in five years.'

'Done! I'll stand you; so your trees will cost you fifty dollars sure, in money, besides the time thrown away in setting them out, and taking care of them."

'As for the time spent in setting them out, or taking care of them, it is as good exercise as playing ball, wicket, or any thing else. While we were sitting them out, one of your boys came to get my boys to go over to Mr. Moody's, where he said there was to be a great time playing ball; and I have no doubt, your boys spend just as much time playing, as mine do with our trees and so forth; and then something is done, but in playing, the strength is all laid out for nothing.'

'Well, it don't cost anything to play ball but trees cost money.'

The foregoing conversation occurred in the shop between two neighbors, both boot-makers, in a town not more than twenty miles from Boston.

Mr. Briggs, in whose shop the conversation took place, was a man of more than ordinary intelligence for one of his advantages and circumstances in life. He had been a poor boy, and by industry, observation and economy, had worked his way on in life, and reared and well educated a family of children, who, like himself, were industrious and steady. For the few years past, he had become interested in horticulture; and both for exercise and amusement had turned his attention to cultivating his "one acre farm." His attention was first called to this, by means of a "back number" of the *New England Farmer*, which was put round some things bought at the store. Mr. Briggs found this so interesting, that he purchased another at the periodical depot, and then he became a regular subscriber. His sons became interested in the same direction, and the interest of the father and sons increased to the pitch indicated in the foregoing conversation.

In time, every inch of the acre of ground was brought under the spade, and almost every 'best' variety of fruit had a place there, and the father and sons found pleasure and profit in the garden after being cooped up in the shop till the 'stent' was done and the exercise was far more profitable than the spasmodic violent exercise taken in games.

Mr. Chapman, the other neighbor, was a man of the 'common stamp.' He looked upon every thing new or uncommon as 'folly' and nonsense,' and was ready to sneer at every one who stepped aside from the common track. It looked simply silly to him to see a man stay at home from 'muster,' or 'training,' or 'shows,' and spend his time in cultivating a garden; or instead of loitering away the evening at the store, smoking, and hearing or telling a deal of nothing or worse to spend the evening at home, reading such 'nonsense' as the *Farmer and Horticulturist* affords.

Years pass, and Mr. Briggs' 'one acre farm' shows that he and his boys have not read 'the papers' in vain. They have learned how to set out a tree, and how to 'take care' of it after it was set out.—Every thing showed it received the right kind of food and care, and straightway began to bring forth fruit meets for good cultivation. In a short time the wants of the family were more than supplied, and the surplus found a ready market with the neighbors at good prices.

Those early apples, so rich and tempting, when all other apples, were so green and hard! and then such pears; they went as fast as the sun and house could ripen them, at three, four and five cents a piece. Then such rich, ripe grapes—too tempting for the coldest to pass without a watering mouth. Mr. Chapman's family were almost the best customers for the tempting fruit—first having learned their excellence by the liberality of Mr. Briggs, who never failed to send a specimen of his best to his neighbor.

The fifth season came. It was a fruitful year. Apple, pear, peach, plum, and all other trees were loaded with fruit.—Keeping in mind his conversation with Mr. Chapman, Mr. Briggs had directed his family to set down every cent's worth of fruit sold to Mr Chapman and his family. This year, as it happened, was a year of 'extreme hard times.' The boot business was at its worst ebb; little work and very low wages—and yet the price of every kind of provisions were up to the highest notch, and money extremely tight.

But there was one family that did not seem to be in the least affected by the hard times, low prices of labor, high prices of provisions, or the scarcity of money.—Mr. Briggs and his two oldest sons, all of them had a little spare change to let on short time 'with interest' to their needy neighbors.

One day Mr. Chapman, who was short, applied to Mr. Briggs for a 'half' for a 'quarter meaning fifty dollars for three months.

'Yes,' said Mr. Briggs, 'I have a 'half' or a 'whole,' just as you like.'

'What, a hundred dollars by you these times? I don't see how it comes. You and your boys don't work any harder than I and my boys do, and we can hardly get along; we are as saving and pinching as can be, too; times are so dreadful hard, and every thing a family has to buy is so dreadful high, and wages so low; potatoes; a dollar a bushel, beef fifteen cents a pound pork sixteen cents, eggs, twenty-five cents a dozen, and flour, ten or twelve dollars a barrel. How can a man live?'

'It won't be hardly fair for me to ask you for that twenty-five dollars now, will it?'

'Twenty-five dollars? What do you mean? I don't understand you?'

'Don't you recollect we had a bet between us about the price of some fruit trees I bought five years ago next spring?'

'Ah! I do remember something about it. You were to give me twenty-five dollars if you didn't get your twenty-five dollars back from me for the products of these trees and things! It will come very handy just now.'

'Don't be too fast, neighbor? I am afraid it wont come very handy just now. That was what I was dunning you for, that twenty-five dollars!'

'What, you don't pretend to say we have had twenty-five dollars worth of stuff from your garden.'

'More than than from that very twenty-five dollars' worth of trees and other things! Here is an account of every thing you have bought and paid for; of course it don't include what I have sent you gratis.'

'And you have certainly not been stingy. Why the bill amounts to thirty-seven dollars! is it possible!'

'It is just so. you have had over twenty bushels of apples, and three bushels of pears, and these alone come to twenty-five dollars.'

'I own up the 'corn:' draw the note for seventy-five.'

'No, I guess we will let the twenty-five go, I only mention it to show you that there may be good sense in new things sometimes. Now I will bet the twenty-five dollars over again, that my store bill has not been half as large the past season as yours, though I have had one more in my family.'

'If I had not been so badly taken in before, I would stand you; but I guess it won't be safe.'

'We have raised our own potatoes, corn, peas, beans, and all other garden vegetables. Our eggs are always fresh, and in abundance from the nest; and for more than two years we have not been without ripe fresh fruit.'

'Well, I declare, that is something I never thought of; but it takes so much time and bother to get these things started—then it is an everlasting job to take care of them.'

'It needs no more time and money than you throw away on things that amount to nothing at all; and an abundance of fruit will save the expense of a heavy meat bill, which is not healthy in hot weather. No doctor has been called to set foot into my door for over four years past. Fresh ripe fruits are sure remedies for all ailments and they are not hard to take.'

Mr. Chapman put the 'fifty' into his 'weazel-skin,' and left with a 'flea in his ear.'—*New England Farmer.*

FOLLIES OF LIFE.

Not to go to bed when you are sleepy, because it is not a certain hour.

The perpetual struggle of affectation to pass for an oddity.

To tell a person from whom you solicit a loan of money, that you are in want of it.

To be passionate in your family, and expect them to be placid.

To think every one a man of spirit who fights a duel.

To pronounce those the most pious who never absent themselves from church.

To stand in water up to your knees fishing for trout, when you can buy them in a clean, dry market.

People of exquisite sensibility, who cannot bear to see an animal put to death, showing the utmost attention to the variety and abundance of their tables.

To buy a horse from a near relation, and believe every word he says in praise of the animal he is desirous to dispose of.

To suppose that every one likes to hear your child cry, and you talk nonsense to it.

To send your son to travel into foreign countries, ignorant of the history, constitution, manners, and language of his own.

To take offence at the address or carriage of any man with whose mind and conduct we are unacquainted.

To occupy the attention of a large company by the recital of an occurrence interesting to yourself alone.

Not to wear a great coat when our joints are aching with rheumatism, lest we should be thought delicate.

That any man should despair of success in the most foolish undertaking, in a world so overstocked with fools.

In conversation, a man of good sense will seem less knowing, more obliging, and chose to be on a level with others, rather than oppress with the superiority of his genius.

To call a man hospitable who indulges his vanity by displaying his service of plate to his rich neighbor frequently, but was never known to give a dinner to any one really in want of it.

A noted miser having relented so much as to give a beggar a sixpence, suddenly dying soon after, the attendant physician gave it as his opinion that his death arose from enlargement of the *heart!*

It is said that a pretty pair of eyes are the best mirror for a man to shave by. Exactly so; and it is unquestionably the case that many a man has been shaved by them.

The man who to the utmost of his power augments the great mass of public and individual happiness, will, under every situation, and in spite of all opposition, be the happiest of men himself.

Such a man is indebted to you in a large sum of money, and has no means in possession or in prospect of paying you—that it may be utterly impossible for him to earn it by his industry, you immure him in a prison.

Men committing suicide to get rid of a short life, and its evils, which must necessarily terminate in a few years, and thus entering upon one which is to last forever, and the evils of which they do not seem to take the wisest method of avoiding.

Sands of Gold.

Every man who commits a trespass is the prisoner of justice as soon as he hath done it.—*Plutarch.*

He who increases the endearments of life, increases at the same time the terrors of death.—*Dr. Young.*

From the ordinary manner of spending the time, we may Judge of any one's inclination and genius.—*Spectator.*

He that is violent in the pursuit of pleasure, won't mind to turn villain for the purchase.—*M. Aurel.*

Open your mouth and purse cautiously, and your stock of wealth and reputation shall, at least in repute, be great.—*Zimmerman.*

He that deceives his neighbor with lies, is unjust to him, and cheats him out of the truth, to which he has a natural right.—*M. Aurel.*

Were there but one virtuous man in the world, he would hold up his head with confidence and honor; he would shame the world, but the world would not shame him.—*Dr. South.*

In human life there is a constant change of fortune; and it is unreasonable to expect an exemption from the common fate. Life itself decays, and all things are daily changing.—*Plutarch.*

He who does no good, gets none. He who cares not for others, will soon find that others will not care for him. As he lives to himself, so will he die to himself, and no body will miss him, or be sory that he is gone.—*Augustine.*

If we apply ourselves seriously to wisdom, we shall never live without true pleasure, but learn to be pleased with everything. We shall be pleased with wealth so far as it makes us beneficial to others; with poverty, for not having much to care for; and with obscurity for being unenvied.—*Plutarch.*

"Won't Anything Wash it Off"

In the early part of my school-going days, I spent a vacation with my friend, Mary F———. The term in that village not being quite out, I chose to attend school with my friend, rather than to allow her to leave her class. As usual in district schools, many of the scholars bro't a lunch and spent the recess at the school-room. And a gay time they had in those long summer intermissions. On the first day that I witnessed their merriment, (for even at that early age, my habits of observation led me to stand aside and look on rather than share in the sports of my companions,) the departure of the teacher was a signal for all kinds of sport and frolic.—One little girl, whom they called Helen, sprang into the desk, declaring that she 'was going to be school-ma'am.'

She was a bright, laughing, blue-eyed child, her round fair face perfectly radiant with smiles and dimples, and as she stood wielding her large ruler, almost as long as herself, and shaking her sunny curls with mock gravity, she seemed a personification of innocence and mirth. But in some of her curious efforts to make her scholars 'behave,' she upset a large ink-stand, which stood near a pile of valuable paintings and drawings.

'O, dear!' she shrieked, and now there was no mockery in her tone—'what shall I do? Miss White will kill me certain.'

'What's the matter?' asked my friend Mary, who stood outside the door. I told her what had happened. 'Come away,' said she. 'I havn't seen any thing, and Miss White won't ask you.'

So she drew me away, and we did not return till the bell rang. As we entered the school-room, pale faces met us on every side. The teacher was very angry, and vainly sought the author of the mischief. 'Mary,' said she, holding up one of the ruined paintings, 'do you know who did this?'

'I have been away all the noon-time,' she replied, 'and have just returned.'

'Well,' said she, 'the one who did it had better own it, for I shall find you out sometime.

But no one confessed. Then turning suddenly to a young and timid girl, she said, 'Jane, tell me who spilt this ink, or I'll whip you till you do.'

Jane was frightened. She knew what Miss White's whippings were, and losing all presence of mind, she stammered out, 'I saw Billy trying to clean it up; but I guess he didn't spill it.'

'Now, Billy, was a little black boy, who attracted my attention the moment I saw him. His skin was very dark, but his black, shining hair lay smooth over his head, except where it curled with almost feminine beauty around a high, bold forehead. His large flashing eyes were as black as midnight, and his countenance was of marked intelligence. He was about Helen's age, and they were great friends and playmates.

'Billy,' said the teacher, 'did you spill the ink?'

'No, ma'am.'

'Do you know who did spill it?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Who was it?'

'I can't tell?'

Her face grew pale with passion.

'If you don't tell me,' she said, 'I'll give you a whipping that you will remember.—Who was it? speak sir.'

Miss White,' said the little fellow, as he looked up in her face, 'I can bear the whipping, but I can't tell who spilt the ink. It was an accident.'

'Take off your jacket, sir, and step out on the floor. We'll see how you'll bear whipping.'

He obeyed; and taking up a large willow rod, she caught his arm and again asked if he would tell who spilt the ink.

'No, ma'am!' was the firm reply. I looked at Helen. She was pale and trembling. I thought she was fainting. But I was mistaken.

'Don't strike him!' she shrieked, as she sprang to the floor, and threw her arms around his neck. 'I did it, Miss White, but I didn't mean to. I was playing school-ma'ma.'

'You little black scoundrel!' exclaimed the teacher, as she slightly shook the boy; 'why did you not tell me at once?'

Billy looked up, and O, such a look as he gave her! Helen's tears and sobs stopped in an instant, and looking fearlessly in her teacher's face, she said. 'He's not a scoundrel; he's a good boy.'

'Well, go to your seats,' she said, 'and in future keep out of my desk.'

Billy did not immediately obey. I tho't he was deliberating whether he should go to his seat or out of the house. But he went to his seat and dropped his head on the counter. When called to read he rose with swollen eyes and a quivering lip.—When school was out, he caught his hat and run. What did it mean? Crossing a bridge on our way home, Helen suddenly cried,

'There's Billy, now.'

Looking up the stream, we saw him on his knees beside the river, washing his face and rubbing it with sand. He stooped and bent over to gaze at the reflection in the water, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. Helen was soon at his side, when he looked up, and in tones of grief, exclaimed.

'O, Helen, won't anything wash it off?'

'Wash what off?' she asked, 'I am sure there is nothing you need to wash off.'

'You know,' said he, 'she called me a little black'——a sob finished the sentence, and covering his face with his hands he wept as though his heart would break.

The rest of the children now came up, and, touched by his manifestation of wounded feelings, undertook to console him by saying they would like him just as well as though he was not black!' But ah, the black prejudice which suppresses the rights of such as he, turns them out of school, and shuts against them so many of the ways of life—'won't anything wash that out?'

To laugh at the appearance or manners of foreigners, to whom we must appear equally ridiculous.

CHARACTER.

The Penalty of its Loss.

"Good name, in man or woman, dear my Lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls."

A trial took place some time since in a neighboring city, in which an individual was charged with a serious fraud. The testimony against him was strong, but it was not conclusive, and the fact that he had, up to that time, borne an irreproachable CHARACTER, exercised so much influence upon the minds of the jury, that a verdict of acquital was rendered. The decision, as it seems to us, was right under the circumstances. Unsullied character in such a case should exercise due influence. It should protect against unjust suspicion, and constitute a palladium and a safeguard in the hour of difficulty and danger. A few years ago, and during the existence of a monetary crisis, a citizen of New York waited upon one of the Banks and asked assistance. The times were 'tight,' in the language of the day, and hence hesitation was manifested. But the case was pressing, and in reply to some remark, the applicant said that he 'had been forty years engaged in business, had never yet been charged with a dishonorable transaction, and had never failed to make his obligations good.' The Bank officer paused a moment longer, acknowledged the truth of what had been said, and then conceded that 'such a plea was irresistable.' The loan was secured, business affairs brightened soon after, and all went merry as a marriage bell. In this case, as in the former, character was depended upon as a last resort, and it did not fail in the hour of emergency. Doubtless there are many readers who could cite similar instances, and hence, as a general rule the priceless value of character!

On the other hand, how numerous are the cases in which the tricky, the mercenary, the plausible and the unprincipled, find that they have lived but to little purpose that the guile and hypocrisy which they supposed, had fully concealed their principles from the world, were seen through as a hollow mask, and all the deformity beneath was made distinct and apparent.—How often in the hour of adversity, do the base by nature, the selfish in disposition, and the niggardly in spirit, discover that they are without character, and that falsehood and evil will not serve their purpose in the hour of peril. An instance of this kind recently passed under our observation. An individual who had accumulated considerable property by trick and management, who was regarded as *'smart'* in business affairs, who cared but little for the *means*, so that the *end* was accomplished, and who thus was distrusted as well as despised, suddenly discovered that he had ventured too far in the field of speculation, and that unless assisted, he must be destroyed. He called first upon one acquaintance and then upon another, tried one expedient and then another, resorted to every device in his power, but all in vain. The fact was, he had impaired his character, and no one would trust him.—He had been guilty of dishonorable practices, had violated his word repeatedly before, and the penalty was doubt, discredit, and in the end utter bankruptcy. He, in fact, had overreached himself. His little schemes of villany had succeeded, and such success only tempted him on from step to step, until at last he found himself beyond his depth, and then deserted, because no one could or would rely upon him.

We have somewhere read a story of a young man, who was arrested and tried for murder, and against whom the circumstantial evidence was very strong, but who was saved at last by the testimony of his school-master. He 'had been a good boy, ever truthful, trust-worthy and reliable,' and the jury could not believe that one whose early years were so bright and unsullied, could so soon after attaining the age of manhood, sink into guilt and crime. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,' is an adage full of practical wisdom.—The importance of character in every relation of life, can scarcely be conceived by the hasty and the inconsiderate. Nothing should be guarded with more care, or watched with more unsleeping vigilance. The young cannot become too earnestly impressed with these truths. Let them start in life with an unsullied name, and an irreproachable character, and the prospect before them will be full of promise. But let them pursue another course, and at the beginning pollute their lips with falsehood, and darken their fair fame with dishonor, and they will thereafter toil on with difficulty, for the ghosts of their early misdoings will track them step by step, and whisper bitter and mocking memories of their early career. In the hour of trial, too, there will be few to stand by them, for he who recklessly and wantonly sports with his own character, strikes at and destroys his best friend.

The Pyranid.

BY O. S. PERCIVAL.

[To be read ascendingly, descendingly and condescendingly.]

There!
For aye
Commanding,
'Tis standing
With godlike air
Sublimely fair!
Its fame desiring,
Its height admiring,
Looks on it from afar;
Lo! every smiling star
To raise the pile to heaven,
Each pray'r for truths in spring light
Each manly struggle for the right,
Each aspiration for the holy,
Each kindly word to cheer the lowly,
Each strong temptation nobly overcome
Each clamorous passion held in silence dumb
As slow it riseth towards the upper Heaven,
Stone after stone unto the mass is given,
Its base upon the earth its apex is the skies,
The good man's char'ter's pyramid doth rise.

DEBT AND CREDIT.—It is not a little singular that the letters that spell debt, are the initials of the sentence: "Dun Every Body Twice." And the letters which spell credit are the initials of the sentence: "Call Regularly Every Day—I'll Trust."

[For the Lancaster Gazette.]

TO THE SNOW BIRD.*

Mysterious bird with cloudy wing,
Companion of the snow,
From what cold clime dost tidings bring,
And whither dost thou go?

No summer zephyr floats thy form,
Nor thine the timid pee-wee's nest,
Which 'neath the porch defies the storm,
'Tis thy delight to breast.

And never midst the summer flowers,
Thy gladsome notes are known,
But winter's dreariest, coldest hours,
Seem to be thine alone.

Dost warble in June's balmy days,
On Greenland's icy shore;
Or where each ray obliquely plays,
On frozen Labrador.

Or dost thou seek in summer's prime,
Fogo's stormy coast,
'Neath sleety rains and snowy rime,
Forever tempest tossed.

But no—thou n'er couldst cross the line,
Where Phœbus fearless reigns,
And scarce on north or south incline,
His rays o'er fowry plains.

Or can't thou wing thy trembling flight,
To Cotopaxi's snows,
Or scaling Chimborazo's hight
Amidst his storms repose.

Yet never dost thy fairy wing
Enfeebled seem to be,
Tho' all the winter heralding
The snows on every lea.

And like the stormy Petrel which
Rests o'er the surging foam,
'Tis only midst the wintry drifts
Thou hast a happy home.

But where, bright bird, where dost thou rear
Thy helpless callow young,
Are they like thee, rejoicing o'er
The snowy drift among.

And so it is—where e're the storm
Its sleety car hath driven,
There we behold thy fleeting form,
A boon to winter given.

Adieu! sweet bird, from thee each heart
May learn that care and pain and sadness,
Through darkest hours are not apart
From life, and love, and hope and gladness.

January 11, 1855. ENOS.

*Naturalists have been much puzzled to account satisfactorily for the peculiar habits of this lively little bird, which almost alone gives animation to the dreariest winter landscape, it alone seeming to enjoy them, if we may occasionally except the crested wren, to whose class it seems to belong, and with which bird it has sometimes been confounded.

Sundry theories have been put forth claiming for it a change of plumage or to account for its disappearance with the snows of winter, or indeed with successive snow storms—from October till May.

Its flight is not that of a bird of passage and the most probable theory seems to be that it comes with the elevated currents of air which bring with them the snows amidst which only it delights to dwell.

With the more genial gales that melt the snows the bird disappears. ANONYMOUS.

Blind Girl Feeling for a Sunbeam.

The sun has just burst out through the clouds, and a heavy golden beam comes in at our window. How bright and cheerful! It comes in so silently, yet it speaks to the heart. Thank a kind God for sunshine!—Ages upon ages it has illuminated and gladdened a world, yet we hardly think of the great fountain of light and beauty.

Writing of sunshine brings to mind a touching incident which came under our observation as we were traveling in the cars. Opposite us was seated a family of four, consisting of a man and his wife and two children—a boy and a girl—twins, and totally blind. Two lovelier children we never saw. The family were from the South. A southern sun had given each cheek a rich olive complexion, relieved by a beautiful bloom upon the children's countenances. The boy was slightly built, had fine chiseled features, and hair of a dark brown, clustering in rich curls around his neck. The girl was yet more slender, and fragile as a leaf, and of the most spiritualized beauty. Her habit was dark. Her hair was dark as night, its heavy, glossy tresses confined by a golden band which glittered brightly upon the dark background. They both seemed happy, conversing with an intelligence beyond their years.

The train stopped for a moment up the route. The windows were all raised, and the children leaning out as if to see. The little girl heaved a long sigh, and then leaned back in the seat, exclaiming, "O, mother! I cannot see any thing." A tear trembled in her eye, and her voice was so sad and low that it went to the heart of every passenger who heard the beautiful but unfortunate creature. "Neither can I see, Bell; but I know everything is beautiful," said her brother, as the light winds lifted the thin locks upon his cheek. "You're beautiful, are you not, Bell?"

Just then a flood of sunshine gushed from the white clouds in the west like a flash, and fell full and warm upon the cheek of the sad girl, and upon the tears in her eyes. Quick as thought she put up her hand, and attempted to grasp the golden pencils that were playing through her thick braids upon her neck and cheek. Eagerly she shut her hand upon vacancy, and a shadow fell upon her countenance as she failed to touch the sunshine. "Mother I cannot feel it, has it fled out of the window?" "What Bell?" said her brother. "The sunshine, Marion. It touched my cheek but I cannot touch that." The mother's eyes swam with tears, as did those of nearly all in the car. A blind girl feeling for a sunbeam upon her cheek! That beam was radiant with beauty, yet she could not behold it.—It gleamed upon the world, but all was night to her. Its silver bursting in the east, or its golden fading in the west, followed as day followed day; but it burst not upon her vision, nor faded at decline of day. It glowed in the sky; upon forest, and field, and lake and river; but not in the blue orbs of the sightless girl.

By a singular coincidence, the boy tried to feel of the breeze that came cool upon the cheek as the car sped swiftly on. The breeze swept over the yellow fields, and meadows and still waters, and coquetted with the locks of the blind boy; but its footsteps were unseen by him.

We involuntarily thanked God that we could look upon the beautiful world he has made, and dropped a tear for the hapless children, who must group their way to the grave thro' a long night. But the light of bliss will burst upon them.

Long shall we remember the two blind children.

God in History.

The glory of God is not contingent on man's good will, but all existence subserves his purposes. The order of the universe is as a celestial poem whose beauty is from all eternity, and must not be marred by human interpolations. Things proceed as they were ordered, in their nice, and well adjusted and perfect harmony—that as the band of the skilful artist gathers music from the harp strings history gathers it from the well tuned chorals of time. Not that this harmony can be heard while events are passing. Philosophy comes after events, and gives the reason of them, and describes the nature of their results. The great mind of collective man may one day arrive at self-consciousness, so as to interpret the present, and foretell the future; but as yet the sum of present actions, though we ourselves take part in them, seems shapeless and unintelligible. But all is one whole—men, systems, nations, the race, all march in accord with the Divine will and when any part of the destiny of humanity is fulfilled, we see the ways of Providence vindicated. The antagonisms of imperfect matter and the perfect idea of liberty and necessary law become reconciled. What seemed irrational confusion appears as the web woven by light, liberty, and love. But this is seen till the act is finished. The patriarch, when he desired to hold the Divinity face to face, could not do so; but he was able to catch a glimpse of Jehovah after he had passed by; and so it goes with our search for Him in the processes of life. It is when the hour of conflict is passed, that history comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to exclaim, "Lo! God is here, and we knew it not." At the foot of every page in the annals of time, may be written, "God reigns." Events as they pass away "proclaim their great original," and if you will listen reverently, you may hear the reading centuries as they roll into the dim distances of departed time, perpetually changing "Te Deum Laudamus," with all the choral voices of the countless congregation of the ages.—*Bancroft's Address before N. Y. His. So.*

Reverence In Children.

What state of society can be blind to the meaning of the imprecation which was pronounced at the entrance into the promised land, and joined to the same doom the idolator and him who should "set light by his father and mother?" What philosophy can gainsay the sage of the book of Proverbs whose sententious moralizing rises into, prophetic grandeur as he speaks of the unnatural son; "The eye that mocketh at his father, or refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Who needs any interpertation of the feelings of David, or Joseph, or Solomon, in their joy or trial? How heart-rending was the grief of the Psalmist over his recreant son—"Would to God I had died for thee, my son, my son!" What beauty as well as simplicity, in the inquiry of Joseph for his father when the Prime Minister of Egypt dismissed his courtly train, and I weeping aloud, could only ask; "Doth my father yet live?" What grandeur far above its gold and gems, surrounded the throne of Solomon, when he rose to meet his mother, and called her to a seat at his right hand!—And the king said unto her, "Ask on, my mother, for I will not say thee nay."—What pathos and sublimity in the Savior of men, when embracing home and heaven in his parting words on the cross, he commended his spirit to the Eternal Father, and entrusted his mother to his beloved disciple's care! We need no more than this to show how the gospel glorifies the law, and crowns its morality and piety alike in its perfect love—"Woman behold thy son," "Disciple behold thy mother." Hear the amen that goes from Calvary to Sinai, and honor thy father and thy mother.—*Hearthstone.*

Future Greatness of our Country.

The *London Christian Observer* makes the following impressive prediction, coupled with an intelligent view of the sources of our prosperity:

"America, like an eagle on the Andes, sits and surveys with calmness and self-satisfaction the struggle in the great valley of the world beneath. And while other nations are exhausting themselves in the strife, she is accumulating wealth and power, which, in time, unless some mighty revolution dash to pieces the whole framework of society, must make her the mistress of the world. Some of the statistics of that vast empire, as exhibited in a contemporary periodical, *Blackwood*, almost transcend all the dreams of enthusiasm. Nothing that approaches to a parallel to this statement is to be found in the history of the world. And to what under divine Providence, do as America owe this progress? Partly, no doubt, to the energy of her Saxon spirit; partly to the piety of many of her original settlers; but chiefly to the large circulation of the word of God among her people, to the exercise of the right of private judgement, and the spirit of peace."

☞ If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than he did before. It degrades himself in the eyes of others, and what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases his passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if a man cheats you quit his company, and if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or who misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

Many a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace—the taunt, the savage character of an unforgiving spirit.